

(I)

FLORIANA.

A

PASTORAL,

Upon the Death of Her Grace

THE

Duchess of Southampton.

Da- mon. **T**ell me, my *Thyrsis*, tell thy *Damon* why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this sad posture lie?
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,
Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise?
Has the fierce Wolf broke through the fenced Ground?
Have thy Lambs stray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?
Thyrsis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may,
Have my Lambs stray'd? let 'em for ever stray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now She smil'd:
Alas! She smil'd; for to the Lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd:
Tell me then Shepherd, tell me canst thou find
As long as thou art true, and She is kind,
A Grief so great, as may prevail above
Even *Damon's* Friendship, or *Dorinda's* Love?

A

Damon.

(2)

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrs.* But, *Damon*, there may be :
What if the charming *Floriana* die ?

Damon. Far be the Omen ! *Thyrs.* Alas ! But suppose it true.

Damon. Then should I grieve my *Thyrsis*, more than you.
She is — *Thyrs.* She was, but is no more ;
Now, *Damon*, now, let thy swoln eyes run o're :
Here to this Turf by thy sad *Thyrsis* grow,
And when my streams of Grief too shallow flow,
Let in thy Tide to raise the Torrent high,
Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon. Then that to this wisht height the Floud might swell,
Friend, I will tell thee. *Thyrs.* Friend, I thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful She fell.
Oh ! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Blessing their Babes when first they see the Day.
Beauty and She were one, for in her face
Sate Sweetness temper'd with Majestick Grace ;
Such powerful Charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
The Humblest, and to both give equal Law.
How was She wondred at by every Swain ?
The Pride, the Light, the Goddess of the Plain :
On all She shin'd, and spreading glories cast,
Diffusive of herself, where e're She past,
There breath'd an Air sweet as the winds that blow
From the blest Shoars where fragrant Spices grow :
Even me sometimes She with a Smile would grace,
Like the Sun shining on the vilest place.
Nor did *Dorinda* barr me the Delight
Of feasting on her eyes my longing Sight :
But to a Being so sublime, so pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my Love secure.

Damon. Her Beauty such : but Nature did design
That only as an answerable Shrine
To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her Soul shin'd through, and made her form so bright,
As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing Light.
In her smooth forehead we might read exprest
The even Calmness of her gentle Breast :
And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful Wit.

Each

(3)

Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
 Was but the Shadow of some inward Grace:
 Gay, sprightly, chearful, free and unconfin'd
 As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;
 Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
 Like those, who being dull, would grave appear;
 Who out of guilt do Chearfulness despise,
 And being sullen, hope men think 'em wise.
 How would the listning Shepherds round her throng,
 To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue!
 She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd,
 Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
 Even mighty Pan, whose powerful Hand sustains
 The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the Plains;
 Of's tend'rest Cares made her the chiefest part;
 And great *Lovisa* lodg'd her in her Heart.

Thyrsis. Who would not now a solemn Mourning keep;
 VVhen *Pan* himself and fair *Lovisa* weep?
 VVhen those blest Eyes by the kind gods design'd
 To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,
 All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
 Than *April* drops upon the Infant Flowers;
 Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* shed,
 VVhen at her feet the Lovely Youth lay dead;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her *Cestus* and unyoakt her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Lovisa* come;
 And visit gentle *Floriana's* Tomb;
 And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
 VVhere no unhallowed feet prophane the ground,
 VVith your chaste hands fresh flowers and odours shed
 About her last obscure and silent Bed;
 Still praying as you gently move your feet,
 Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumbers sweet.

Thyrsis. See where they come, a mournful lovely Train,
 As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain:
Lovisa mournful far above the rest,
 In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow drest:
 Just are her Tears, when She reflects how soon
 A Beauty, second only to her own,
 Flourish'd, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

Damon.

Damon. O She is gone ! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd some Virgin-Queens delicious Bower ;
Torn from the Stalk by some untimely blast,
And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast :
But flowers return, and coming Spring disclose,
The Lilly white, and more fresh the Rose ;
But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,
And *Floriana* has no second Spring.

Thyrsis. O She is set ! set like the falling Sun ;
Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone !
Alas ! the Sun that's set, again will rise,
And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies :
But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
When its short glory to the West declines,
O there's no hope of the returning Light ;
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

FINIS.

